

BRITISH ARREST SIR ROGER CASEMENT — OFFICIAL

The Daily Mirror

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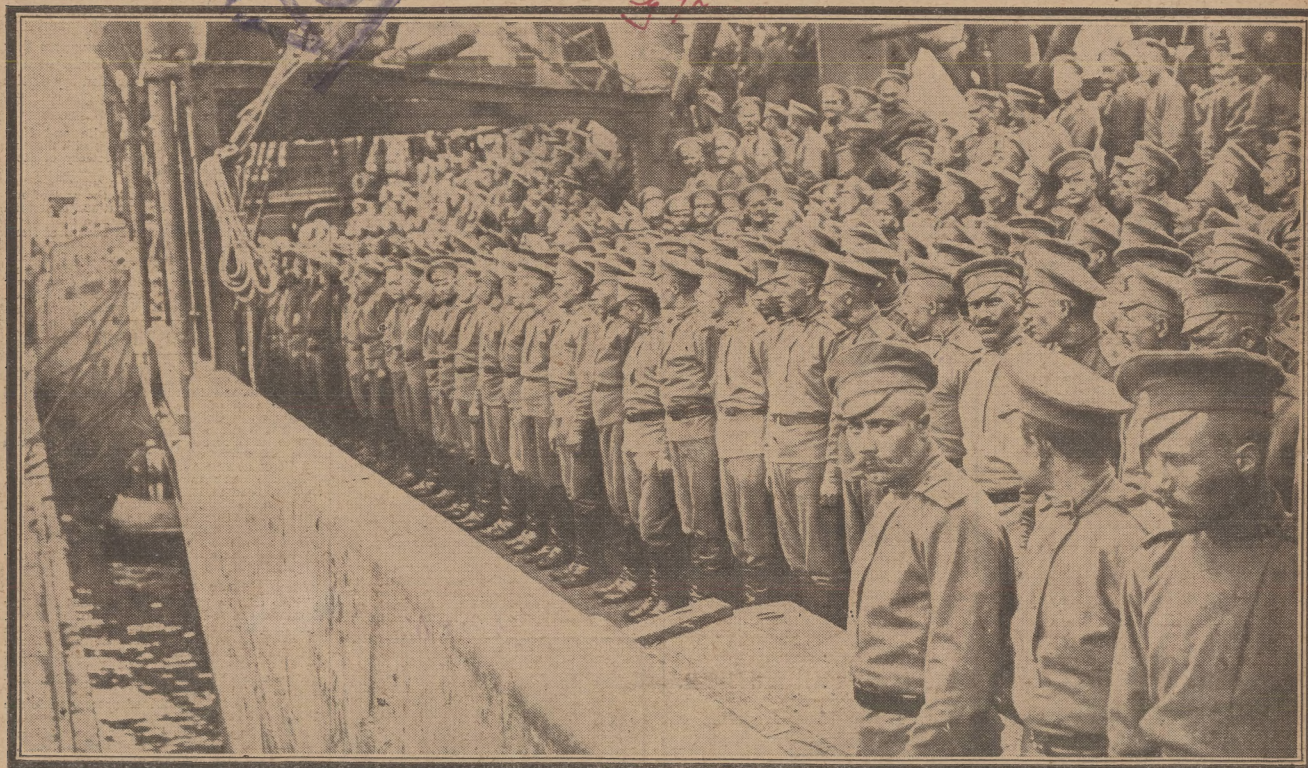
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TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1916

One Halfpenny.

**"VIVENT LES RUSSES!": STIRRING SCENES AS THE TSAR'S
FIGHTING MEN SET FOOT ON THE SOIL OF FRANCE.**



Lined up on the deck of the transport after the vessel had been moored to the quay. Their brown faces glowed with pleasure at the cheers.



They were laden with flowers, which were carried through the streets.

A party of German prisoners looked on while the Russian troops landed at Marseilles! Was the lesson lost on them, or did they realise what a picture it presented of the might of the Allies, and, above all, of British sea power? It was a scene to kindle the imagi-



They receive their first French cigarettes from the admiring women.

nation as the great troopships glided alongside the quay, and those who were privileged to be present saw the army from that other great Empire. These soldiers form some of the elite of Russia's fighting men.—(French Official photographs.)

HOLIDAY CROWDS SEE RAIDER DRIVEN FROM DOVER BY SALVO OF SHELLS

Taube Circles Over Town at Height of 6,000ft.

NO BOMBS DROPPED.

Pilot Escapes Seaward Out of Ring of Fire.

The Secretary of the War Office announced yesterday—

"At 11.45 a.m. a hostile aeroplane appeared over Dover from the east and circled over the town at a height estimated to be 6,000ft.

"Anti-aircraft guns at once came into action.

"The hostile machine was driven off. No bombs were dropped."

Unofficial reports state that promenaders on the front were startled by gunfire, and saw the Taube sailing over the town.

It was bombarded on all sides by anti-aircraft guns, and some splendid shooting was seen, shells exploding all round the aeroplane, and it appeared that it must be brought down. Numbers of people on the sea front at Deal watched the spectacle through their glasses. They could see a machine which, though flying very high, appeared to be having a very warm time. Shrapnel shells were observed to be bursting all round it.

TOO WARM A WELCOME.

The machine, owing to its unfamiliar shape, was believed to be a German. Presumably the gunfire from Dover was too well directed, and was evidently too warm for the hostile airman, who apparently decided to make good his escape. He was clearly discernible hovering over Deal.

Two holiday-makers engaged on the Stock Exchange who are spending their holidays at Deal told *The Daily Mirror* correspondent the following story—

"We were out this morning enjoying a drive between Deal and Dover. Returning shortly before twelve o'clock, and passing through the village of Ringwood, some three miles from Deal, we were alarmed by the sound of heavy firing over our heads."

"On looking up we distinctly saw a German machine."

IN A RING OF SHELLS.

"Shells from the Dover guns were bursting all round it. One seemed to burst immediately underneath the machine, and owing to the quantity of smoke we thought that the Hun machine had caught fire."

"Naturally we grew very excited and continued to watch the machine with extraordinary interest. As the smoke cleared away we saw, to our chagrin, that the German had apparently escaped unhurt. We saw him fly away in the direction of Deal."

"IN THE DAY'S HOLIDAY."

When the raider was seen at Broadstairs the front was crowded with holiday-makers, and the spectacle of enemy aircraft proved the chief attraction of the day.

There was no sort of alarm, but only a piquant interest and excitement in the episode, which was looked upon by the spectators as "all in the day's holiday."

At the time of the raid the band on the promenade was gaily playing ragtime melodies, and visitors were laughing and chatting much in the old holiday spirit.

At 11.48 a.m. yesterday sirens at Ramsgate were sounded to denote the presence of hostile aircraft.

A few minutes later a German Taube was in the neighbourhood of the town. At half-past twelve the sirens again sounded, to denote all was safe.

ITALIAN HERO DECORATED.

The silver medal has been conferred on Sub-Lieutenant Menotti Menchinella da Carrara, who lost a leg at the battle of Plava. He has also received a second silver medal for his services.



voices in the Italo-Austrian war. Here he is seen being decorated by General Marini, Commander of the Army Corps at Rome, at the Lamberini Cervo Hospital, which has been set apart by the Government for the wounded.

DAY OF SECRETS.

Record Attendance Expected Behind Parliament's Closed Doors.

PREMIER TO MOVE RESOLUTION.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

So extraordinarily keen is the desire of legislators to hear the Government's recruiting revelations at to-day's secret session that there is likely to be a record attendance in both Houses.

A large number of legislators in the Upper House are usually content to get their political information from the newspapers or the club talk machines.

As nothing in the nature of an ordinary report will be forthcoming of to-day's sittings members anxious for details must be in attendance at Westminster themselves.

The procedure to be followed at this afternoon's session is fairly plain. The House of Commons will meet at a quarter to three.

After prayers, which last about four minutes, thirty-four questions will be addressed to Ministers. These will be run through in about a quarter of an hour, for everybody will be burning with curiosity to hear the Cabinet secrets.

Then the Prime Minister will move that the House should hold a secret session.

Such a motion will, it is expected, be discussed in public, and it is believed that Mr. Lloyd George will make a personal explanation. As soon as the motion is carried—a foregone conclusion—representatives of the Press, who will have been present since the conclusion of prayers, will be required to withdraw.

"NATION'S REAL LEADER."

"He remains the real leader of the nation, which is always above a man."

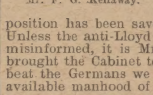
This is a striking passage from a letter in defence of Mr. Lloyd George issued yesterday by Mr. F. G. Kellaway, M.P., private secretary to Dr. Addison.

Mr. Kellaway asks what is the meaning of the vendetta waged by a clique of Liberal journalists against the man who saved the Liberal Party from disaster twice in twelve months.

He points out that the financial position at the outbreak of the war was saved by Mr. Lloyd George, and proceeds—

"Does anyone deny that the munitions position has been saved by Mr. Lloyd George? Unless the anti-Lloyd Georgians are hopelessly misinformed, it is Mr. Lloyd George who has brought the Cabinet to realize that if we are to beat the Germans we must organize the whole available manhood of the country."

Mr. F. G. Kellaway.



REIGN OF THE MOTHER.

Daughter's War-Time Devotion to Parent—Taking Her About.

The day of the mother has returned at last, and returned to stay.

Two generations ago a girl recognised her chief duty to be the care of her mother, obedience to her mother, self-sacrifice to her mother. Refolt followed the overturning of all parental authority.

Then came war. Parents suffered in the absence, often the loss, of their boys, their husbands. "Mother must be kept cheerful" was the thought of the daughter, and for nearly two years these daughters have shown a devotion which the Victorian era cannot equal.

It is no longer a homeside atmosphere. Mother must be given no time to think. Mother is trotted here and trotted there; from her hospital requisite rooms to a theatre, to a concert.

Men of her own age are collected to dine with her and amuse her. She is persuaded to dress more youthfully.

When a widow, then the daughter picks her mother's companions for her with infinite care. Mother is attractive, young in heart, marriageable, and many a girl finds the selection of mother's possible husband a matter which ousts from her mind any idea of matrimony for herself.

OPERA HOUSE SUCCESS.

The long-closed London Opera House opened once again yesterday under the management of Mr. Oswald Stoll.

The programme is quite novel in design, and attracted enormous audiences. Two performances are given a day, and two plays at each performance.

The opening week's programme is made up of Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Broadway Jones," an old favourite now, in which both these popular players for long established themselves in the affections of the public, and "The Other Department," a revue which has been seen before in the provinces but is new to the West End of London.

It will be interesting to see whether this programme will be successful in bringing a long-awaited success to the London Opera House.

REPORT BY GROWLS.

Fine Work by Dog Patrols with the French Army.

CROSS FOR CANINE HERO.

(From W. L. McAlpin.)

The valuable services rendered by war dogs during the present campaign have just been brought to the notice of the public by the number of decorations conferred on canine heroes by order of the President.

Chief among these courageous animals is Dyane, which on account of his clever work as a scout dog was awarded the high distinction of the War Cross Star. Lutz, a dog which distinguished himself at Verdun, was mentioned in dispatches in the following terms—

"Employed as an advance sentinel during the night of February 21, he gave warning of the German attack by repeated growls, and compelled attention."

"The sentinel was thus able to give the alarm in time to prevent the French troops being surrounded and captured."

Chocolate, another Army dog, while on duty between the French and German lines was hit on the nose by a shell splinter.

Nevertheless, all through the night he continued his watchful surveillance of the German trench.

Capri, a drover's dog, was badly wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans in Flanders.

He was well cared for, but kept chained up.

One night he broke away, and, crossing the German lines, returned to his regiment.

Most of these animals come from Brie Beance and Belgium, and are either shepherds or wolf-dogs.

Besides being used as sentinels, they are often sent out as scouts to discover whether a trench, a wood or a farmhouse is occupied by the enemy.

Should the Germans be in possession, they return at once and growl their report.

UNTAXED EASTER.

Last Holiday for Seeing Amusements Without Paying State Toll.

The holidays have passed off without any substantial complaint against the weather.

There was a chill in the wind and a slight shower, but nothing to prevent the world and his wife having a thoroughly enjoyable Easter Monday in the open air.

All the London parks were thronged yesterday.

Richmond was again a highly-favoured resort. Teashops reaped a rich harvest, and the famous park was profusely dotted with pleasure seekers.

Sandown Park racecourse was the scene of a gymkhana held by the Royal Engineers, and all



Drives into the country on the omnibuses were very popular. Here is a section of the waiting queue at Hendon.

through the day the motor-omnibuses en route were packed.

Yesterday was the last Bank Holiday that the public will escape the new amusements tax, and mindful of this fact people flocked to theatres and music-halls in unprecedented numbers.

Thousands went down to Brighton and Southend for the day, and last night returned to London with fresh colour in their cheeks and all the better for the breath of health-giving ozone.

DESERTER RELEASED FOR WEDDING.

Committed to await an escort from the Royal Engineers, on the charge of being a deserter from that regiment, a man was yesterday at Birmingham allowed by the magistrate to go to church to be married.

The police officer who effected the arrest was, however, told to go with the man to the wedding.

THE KING'S EASTER GREETING TO TSAR

Easter greetings have passed between the King and the Emperor of Russia.

The feast in both countries coincides this year, and the King, in sending his wishes, records anew his confidence in the Allied cause and expresses his delight at the recent victorious achievements of the Russian Army.

The Tsar, in reply, says that he shares in the King's confidence in ultimate success.

THE KING'S ANZAC DAY MESSAGE.

Stirring Tribute to Memory of Gallipoli Heroes.

MARCH TO THE ABBEY.

On the eve of Anzac Day the King, mindful of the glorious part played by the Australasian troops in the attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula, has sent a message to the Governor-General of Australia and the Governor of New Zealand, in which he pays testimony to the lustre shed on British arms by their devoted sacrifice.

In his message the King announces that he is joining with their fellow-countrymen in paying solemn tribute to the memory of the dead heroes.

The message is as follows:—

"Tell my people of Australia and New Zealand that to-day I am joining with them in their solemn tribute to the memory of their heroes who died in Gallipoli."

"They gave their lives for a supreme cause in gallant comradeship with the rest of my sailors and soldiers who fought and died with them."

"Their valour and fortitude have shed fresh lustre on the British Arms."

"May those who were with them in their loss find comfort in the conviction that they did not die in vain, but that their sacrifice has drawn our peoples more closely together and added strength and glory to the Empire."

HOMAGE TO THE DEAD.

To-day is Anzac Day, and Anzac Day in London will be a day to be remembered.

To commemorate the first anniversary of the landing of the Australians and New Zealanders in Gallipoli 2,000 veterans of the war will march through the heart of London to a service at Westminster Abbey, at which the King and Queen will be present.

"All of us who will be at the Abbey service to-day are men who were wounded in Gallipoli, an Australian told *The Daily Mirror*."

"Some are blind, others have lost limbs, but, believe me, there is not one of us who is not prepared—and that gladly—to yet make the greatest sacrifice for the Old Country."

"We never realised the depth of our love for England until we came here."

2,000 AUSTRALIANS.

There will be 1,300 Australians and 700 New Zealanders in to-day's procession to the Abbey.

A detachment from the Royal Australian Navy—men who have seen service in the North Sea, the Falkland Islands and in the rounding up of the Enderby—will head the Australian troops, who will join forces with the New Zealanders at Aldwych.

The order of the combined procession to the Abbey will be—

Massed bands, Australian soldiers, Australian sailors, Australian land soldiers, New Zealand band, New Zealand soldiers.

The route and times will be:—

10.10 a.m. Aldwych.
10.15 a.m. Strand.
10.20 a.m. Charing Cross.
10.25 a.m. Whitehall.
10.30 a.m. Westminster Abbey.

The service at the Abbey begins at 11.30, and the congregation will be headed by the King and Queen.

BLIND HEROES.

Seated close by their Majesties will be a number of blinded Anzac soldiers, and there will also be present a large number of Australian and New Zealand nurses.

General Sir William Birdwood, "the soul of Anzac," will be with them, and Mr. Hughes, the popular Prime Minister of Australia, the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, and the Australian Agents-General.

The service will be conducted by Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, and will last half an hour.

After the service the men will march down Tophill-street to St. James's Park Station, arriving there at 12.15. The New Zealanders will entrain there to return to their camp.

The Australians will proceed through Broadway, Victoria-street, Buckingham Palace-road, the Mall, Charing Cross, and the Strand to the Hotel Cecil, where they are due at 1.15 p.m. to be entertained at luncheon.

After luncheon they will march, at about 2 p.m., along the Strand, Duncannon-street, Tring-square, Pall Mall East, Haymarket, and Charles-street, arriving at 2.30 at His Majesty's Theatre, where a matinee will be given.

MOTHER'S SACRIFICE FOR SON.

Falling off the new sea wall extension at Exmouth the eight-year-old son of a London lady visitor broke his thigh.

Without realising the danger, the mother jumped down after him, and in so doing fractured her leg. Both were taken to the local hospital.

BRITISH CAPTURE THE TRAITOR SIR R. CASEMENT

Caught Trying to Land Munitions in Ireland.

GERMAN SHIP SUNK.

Gen. Smuts Again Deals Smashing Blow in East Africa.

TWO FRENCH AIR RAIDS.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the war was disclosed by the Secretary of the Admiralty last night, namely, the capture of the traitor, Sir Roger Casement in an attempt to run arms in Ireland.

GERMAN GUN RUNNERS.

A German auxiliary in the guise of a neutral merchant ship assisted by a German submarine, attempted to land arms and ammunition in Ireland during the period between evening of Thursday and evening of Friday last. The auxiliary was sunk, and the prisoners captured included Sir Roger Casement.

NEW SUCCESS IN EAST AFRICA.

Good news of the campaign against the Germans in East Africa came yesterday from General Smuts. General Vanderventer, who is engaged in operations which seek to drive the foe across the Tanga railway into a corner position, has defeated the enemy before Koanda Irangi, and has occupied that place. Prisoners were taken and considerable numbers of casualties inflicted on the fleeing enemy.

FRENCH AIR AND LAND RAIDS.

Several successes were reported yesterday by the French. West of the Meuse they advanced into the German communication trenches, and took thirty prisoners; in the Vosges they won an enemy post, and in Belgium air squadrons dropped forty-eight bombs on railway buildings. The Germans claim that some British detachments were repulsed to the south of St. Eloi.

DIPLOMATISTS MAY NOT BE CRIMINALS.

U.S. Ruling Which Puts Count Bernstorff's Liberty in Jeopardy.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—The Attorney-General has ruled that the immunity from arrest enjoyed by members of the Diplomatic Service does not extend to cases in which a diplomat is guilty of criminal offences against the United States Government.

The ruling was given at the request of the officials of the Department of Justice, who are handling the von Igel case.

Mr. Lansing has formally requested the Department of Justice to return the von Igel papers to Count Bernstorff.

The Cabinet will not meet to-morrow, as it is stated that President Wilson is going to Princeton University to vote.—Central News.

SUSPICIOUS OF "CONCESSIONS."

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Dispatches received last night from Mr. Gerard are said to indicate that Germany is ready to make certain concessions to the American demands, but is confronted with the difficulty of finding a way to satisfy the United States without arousing the German public.

The State Department officials, being familiar with previous German "concessions," maintain a cautious attitude.—Reuter.

PERU'S PRIDE HURT.

LIMA, Monday.—The American armoured cruiser Tennessee, with Mr. McAdoo and his party on board, arrived on Sunday at Callao, but, owing to rumours of bubonic plague, the visitors refused to land, and the cruiser, which had arrived in the morning, left again in the afternoon.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs last night issued a long official statement denying the rumours, and indirectly accuses the American visitors of gross discourtesy.

It is rumoured, however, that the Tennessee was urgently recalled owing to the certainty of war between the United States and Germany.—Central News.

"U BOATS FOR SCRAP-IRON."

The Hamburg Foreign Journal, says the Central News, declares: "By claiming a little more Dr. Wilson will ask us to sell our submarines for scrap iron."

GERMANS ATTEMPT TO LAND ARMS IN IRELAND.

PRESS BUREAU, Monday, 10.25 p.m.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

During the period between p.m. April 20 and p.m. April 21 an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but in reality a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine.

The auxiliary sank, and a number of prisoners were made, amongst whom were Sir Roger Casement.

TWO FRENCH AIR RAIDS ON STATION BUILDINGS.

German Trenches Entered and Thirty Prisoners Taken.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Monday.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

North of the Aisne a German reconnaissance, which was seeking to penetrate into our lines on the plateau of Paissy, was repulsed with loss.

West of the Meuse during the night we dispersed several enemy reconnaissances south-east of Haucourt.

North-west of the Bois des Caurettes we advanced with the help of grenades into the enemy's communication trenches and took some thirty prisoners, including an officer.

The enemy directed a fairly brisk bombardment against the region of the Mort Homme.

East of the Meuse and in the Woëvre the night was relatively calm. At the Eparges the explosion of a German mine did us no damage.

In the forest of Apremont our artillery displayed activity and effectively replied to the enemy's trench engines.

In the Vosges we carried a small enemy post in the direction of the Bonhomme.

Aviation.—In Belgium yesterday and last night our air squadrons twice bombarded the station of Nylwege, east of the forest of Houtbuiet.

Thirty and eighteen heavy calibre bombs were dropped on the station buildings during the two raids, and many of the projectiles struck the objects aimed at. All the machines returned safely.—Reuter.

"BRITISH DETACHMENTS WERE REPULSED."

Enemy Report an Attack South of St. Eloi.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

In general the artillery along the entire front showed greater activity than during the last few days. At several points successful German patrol operations took place.

To the south of St. Eloi some English detachments were repulsed by our fire.

In the Meuse sector minor French hand grenade attacks delivered yesterday against our forest positions to the north-east of Aycoourt were repulsed. Weak enemy advances during the night to the east of Dead Man Hill also failed.

A strong attack delivered in the neighbourhood of the Thiaumont Farm broke down completely in front of our lines.

An English biplane was put out of action after an aerial engagement east of Arras. Its occupants, consisting of officers, were taken prisoners.—Wireless Press.

NEW GERMAN DEFEAT IN EAST AFRICA.

British in Pursuit of Enemy Occupy Koanda Irangi.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary to the War Office makes the following announcement:—

"Telegraphing on April 23, Lieut-General Smuts reports that the troops under General Vanderventer, after defeating the enemy before Koanda Irangi on April 19, occupied that place.

"Prisoners were taken and a considerable number of casualties inflicted on the German forces, which retired in the direction of the Central Railway."

It was General Vanderventer's army that achieved a striking success on April 4 last, when a large German force was surprised and surrounded in a mountain stronghold in the Arusha district. This force surrendered on April 6, with machine guns and large quantities of ammunition.

The main German force retreated along the Tanga railway, which afforded them very great assistance. General Vanderventer has been operating since with the object of driving the Germans across the railway into a corner position.

TSAR'S HIGH HONOUR FOR COUNT BENCKENDORFF.

No man has done more to cement the friendship between Great Britain and Russia than Count Benckendorff, Russian Ambassador in London.

Always an ardent supporter of a pro-English policy, his work has met with recognition from the Tsar, who has conferred on him the high honour of the Alexander Nevsky Order. In his despatch the Tsar says:—

"Ever since you have held the responsible post of my Ambassador to his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, you have, following my instructions, devoted all your efforts to the continuation and development of friendly relations between Russia and the United Kingdom.

"In doing so you have manifested untiring zeal and a true understanding of the interests of Russia. It is a matter of sincere satisfaction for me to see the firm unity with Great Britain and the complete mutual confidence between the two Empires strengthened by our brotherhood in arms in the present great struggle for the cause of righteousness.

"Your fruitful labours have won my sincere gratitude, in token of which I confer upon you the diamond insignia of the Order of St. Alexander Nevsky."



Count Benckendorff.



The floral procession assembling outside Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. It then proceeded to the grave. The tercentenary celebrations are now being held.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

TURKS SHELLED ALL DAY ON TIGRIS.

Foe's Story of 2,000 British Dead in Last Battle.

2 HOURS' BAYONET FIGHT

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the War Office last night announced:—

General Sir Percy Lake reports from Mesopotamia that the bombardment of the Samarra-Yat position was maintained throughout the day on April 23.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A communiqué issued in Constantinople yesterday says:—

On the night of the 22nd hostile attacks against our positions at Beitissa were easily repulsed.

From April 21 till midday on April 22 the enemy intermittently bombarded our positions at Felahie on the left bank of the Tigris.

About noon the bombardment increased, and the enemy attacked immediately afterwards with troops estimated at half a division.

TWO HOURS' BAYONET FIGHT.

Our reserves, however, directed an immediate strong counter-attack on the attacking hostile columns.

After two hours' bayonet fighting the enemy was obliged to retreat to his own trenches with the loss of about 2,000 dead.

The enemy losses in the battle on April 22 were over 3,000. Our losses were insignificant.

Near Kut-el-Amara the situation is unchanged.

Caucasian Front.—In the centre we surprised an enemy detachment of about 100 men. One officer and ten men were killed, and the others fled.

Near Sedd-ul-Bahr two enemy vessels opened ineffective fire. Some aeroplanes appeared at a great height, dropping bombs, which fell into the water.

On the coast of Smyrna two enemy monitors fired intermittently, and later withdrew.—Reuter.

AEROPLANE PURSUIT OF ARABS IN EGYPT.

Double Attack on British Who Withdraw from a Village.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Monday.

The General Officer Commanding in Chief in Egypt reports that on April 23 there was fighting in the Quatia district.

Air reconnaissances indicated that hostile parties—strongly from 200 to 500—had been assembling in the desert and were in the neighbourhood of Duedidar, and a strong attack by about 500 of the enemy was made at 5 a.m. on the post held by us at that place.

The attack was beaten off after reinforcements had been brought up, and the enemy withdrew, leaving thirty prisoners in our hands. Their known casualties amounted to forty killed.

The enemy was harassed during his retreat by a column of Australian troops acting in concert with aeroplanes, and suffered heavy casualties, both from the fire of the troops and from bombs and machine-gun fire from the aeroplanes.

Quatia village, which was held by a small force of yeomanry, was attacked, simultaneously with Duedidar, by a hostile column 3,000 strong with three field guns.

After a severe engagement our troops withdrew from the village.

RUSSIAN AIR RAID NEAR FRIEDRICHSTADT.

Enemy Attempts on Trebizond Repulsed by Outposts.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Monday.—The Tsar spent Holy Week, and saw in the day of the great Christian feast, with all the members of his staff.

On the western front enemy aeroplanes dropped several bombs on Dvinsk.

A Russian aeroplane of the Mourometz type dropped thirteen bombs, each weighing 40lb., on the station of Doudsevas, south-east of Friedrichstadt.

On the rest of the front there were exchanges of artillery fire.

On the Caucasian front, in the coastal region, the enemy made attempts to advance towards Trebizond, but were repulsed by our outposts before Zarni.

Fighting continued in the region of Ashkahn. In the neighbourhood of Harput our fire stopped the Turkish offensive.—Reuter.

MILITARY GYMKHANA: A MERRY AFTERNOON AT ESHER.



Thread the needle race between officers and nurses. This is a tense moment, when man's clumsy fingers often bungle.



The label describes them both.



"Some bird" and its rider collect.

Events organised by soldiers are always great fun, and the gymkhana held at Sandown Park, Esher, yesterday was a complete success. The conscientious objector has now become a regular subject for jest, and the "Tommies" seize every opportunity of ridiculing the species. There were several unusual-looking collectors on behalf of charity. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

STRIKING DRESSES IN "PICK-A-DILLY" THE PAVILION REVUE.



Four of the many striking dresses which are worn in this revue by the Misses Dahlia Gordon, Anna Martens, Dorothy Hanson and Kitty Fielder. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

The Happy Baby

There would be many more happy homes if every mother would but give Savory & Moore's Food a trial. Give it to your baby, and note the improvement that will follow. This will prove its value better than columns of argument. And remember you are not experimenting with an untried food, but you are taking a course which experience has proved is certain to produce good results.

Mothers invariably find that a few meals of Savory & Moore's Food bring signs of improvement. Baby will become more contented, will sleep better, will increase in weight, put on firm flesh, will cease to be troubled with constipation or diarrhoea, and will relieve you from anxiety. As your child grows up, gaining every day health and strength, you will realise more and more the benefits that result from an early use of this excellent food. It is economical and easy to make.

For the convenience of those who have not yet tried their Food, Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a special offer of **FREE TRIAL TIN**, which will be sent on receipt of the Coupon below with 2d. in stamps for postage. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains sufficient food for a thorough trial. Send at once.

FREE COUPON

To Savory & Moore Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name _____

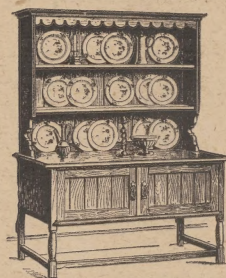
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ARE YOU SHORT?



If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe, 4 inches; Miss Davies 5 1/2 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Dr. E. F. 5 inches; Miss Ledell 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and my £100 guarantee. **ARTHUR GRYAN**, Specialist in the Increase of Height (Dept. A), 17, Strand Green Rd., London, N.



THIS Solid Oak 4ft. Dresser £3 : 7 : 6

carefully packed and sent carriage paid anywhere in England.

Dimensions: Height, 6ft. 3in.; width, 4ft.; depth, 18in. Supplied in rich Antique Colour.

WRITE for our Art Booklet, "How to Furnish," a catalogue of useful articles for the home, together with beautiful illustrations, in colour, showing the suggested treatment of the different rooms in a comfortable home.

Write to-day mentioning 'The Mirror,' to **WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.**, General House Furnishers.

252-256, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W. (Oxford Street end)

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1916.

"OUR" SHAKESPEARE.

ONE of the first questions we should have to ask Shakespeare, if he returned for an hour's interview, would be the exact day and date of his birth.

That, like most other things about him—including the spelling of his name—is uncertain; for in nothing was the Stratford burgess more lucky, or more able, than in this—that he lived, as a wise Greek proverb advised all men to do, secretly, unobserved. About almost every incident of his life, at three hundred years' distance, there is difficulty and dispute.

What has been the result?

The result has been that the field for more or less foolish speculation has been left open. We do not know. Therefore we seek to prove. A huge library has grown up proving things about Shakespeare. And, by an inevitable accomplishment of human egoism, nearly all of those who have written about him have proved that Shakespeare was like them.

From earliest days—days of "Lucrece," the Sonnets and of "Love's Labour Lost"—he was apt at the use of legal metaphor and legal vocabulary. Aha, a lawyer! Evidently, must have been a lawyer. Couldn't have used those metaphors and that vocabulary unless he had been a lawyer. Shakespeare was a lawyer in youth. One of us. So write the lawyers.

But then—in other early works, plays he touched only or transformed, the "Henry VI." plays, "Titus Andronicus" and the rest—how martial a fire in his fierce syllables! One smells the powder. Doesn't this prove he was a soldier? Must have been a soldier.

A scholar? Ben Jonson thought not. But evidently he knew quite sufficient Latin, much French, some Italian. Must have been in Italy and France. Must have been a scholar and traveller.

A sportsman too—much in the open air. If the deerstalking report be discredited, one can nevertheless see he hunted a good deal. "Venus and Adonis" proves it early enough. Shakespeare a sporting man. So write the sporting men.

And he must have been a bit of a snob, write the snobs—though no doubt they don't put it like that: he must have been a snob. See the dedications to Southampton. And he was a Tory (say the Tories) in consequence. And a Liberal say the Liberals—see "Hamlet."

Like us. One of us. Like everybody. "Our" Shakespeare. Such was the universality of the man that every egoist can to this day claim him as his own. Don't even the Germans claim him? He was, amongst other things, a German. The nincompoop's view of imaginative literature always is that a poet cannot write about anything he hasn't seen and done himself.

That a poet lives in the imagination, and weaves his many-coloured web out of threads that pass beyond our common daily plod and are not picked up in loose ends on the pavement, rarely occurs and cannot be expected to occur to an age that has slipped away from the imaginative tradition—an age, let it be said frankly, not three hundred years (or miles) away from Shakespeare, but at an infinite invisible distance from him.

Still, he did make money. In that we sympathise with him. W. M.

SHAKESPEARE WEEK-I.

At Stratford-on-Avon.

Be glad in heaven above all souls inspired. Most royal and most loyal born of men, Shakespeare, of all on earth beloved or feared Or worshipped, highest in sight of human ken. The homestead followed by thy sovereign birth, Whose name, being one with thine, stands higher than Rome.

Forget not how of all on English earth Their trust is holiest, these who have their home. Stratford is thine and England's. None that hate The commonweal were men to set men free. Find comfort there, where once by grace of fate A soul was born as boundless as the sea.

If life, if love, if memory now be thine, Rejoice that still thy Stratford bears thy sign. —SWINBURNE.

TO-DAY'S MARCH OF THE MEN OF ANZAC.

OUR GREAT DEBT TO THE HEROES OF AUSTRALIA.

By E. C. BULEY.

(Author of "Glorious Deeds of Australasians.")

A FEW months more and we'll be marching through the streets of London Town.

That was a saying in the Anzac trenches—one of those heartening catch phrases devised for bad moments in face of Abdul the Unspeakeable. To-day the men of Anzac are indeed marching through the streets of London Town. But it is not the march they imagined—that great final march of all, with the bands playing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and the peace bells ringing in every steeple in the dear old Motherland.

They come to celebrate the first anniversary of the dawn of a new era in the history of the two

young nations of the South. Anzac Day will forever be observed as a day of solemn rejoicing in Australia and New Zealand, for on that day they endured the supreme test of nations, and were not found wanting.

Their first proud duty is to pay tribute to their dead, the brave men whose graves lie in the hand of the enemy. To this end the Motherland, with parental generosity, has thrown open to them the most hallowed spot in the historic Heart of the Empire.

Can any home-keeping Briton, I wonder, realise how Australia and New Zealand thrill to the thought that in the halls where long lines of kings have been crowned, and in the very presence of the dust of all the mighty dead, their rugged soldiers mourn their fallen brothers? I think one must have been born in the distant places and have dreamed of such things from afar in order to experience the poignant emotion that the enacting of them kindles.

The Motherland, which shares with them her holy of holies, will surely keep nothing else back from them. I know they will march through crowds which will never cease from

cheering, for the men of Anzac have indeed fought bravely and have won sympathy because their valour came to naught.

They have had to give up the few hundred yards of ground they gained at such sacrifice and held so stubbornly through a long summer in the face of untold opposition. Men have told me that the square mile or so of land they defended on the peninsula of Gallipoli, with its protected paths and its carefully-tended graves, was dearer to them than the very homes they had made for themselves in the bush in the long pioneer fight against the forces of Nature.

THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEAL.

It was their first great adventure in warfare; and, from the material point of view, it has come to naught. But the first celebration of Anzac Day marks the triumph of the ideal over the material in the progress of the two vital young nations of the Southern Cross.

A year ago the army of Anzac numbered less than 100,000 men. It had no traditions and no standards. It was simply an unknown quantity, composed of material that could be detected as

WHAT HAPPENS ON A SPRING HOLIDAY.



Go away for a week or a week-end, and it always seems to happen that you "bring the rain with you." At least, so your host tells you, for it is always fine when you are not there.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

"MEN'S CHIVALRY."

HAS IT INCREASED OR DECLINED SINCE THE WAR BEGAN?

WOMEN WORKERS.

WHY this extraordinary glorification of women "war workers," which is so fashionable in certain quarters?

It is quite true that women are rendering great service to the country at this critical time, but can it be denied that they are also helping themselves?

In the vast majority of cases they are, I believe, paid, and well paid too, for their services. That is, doubtless, quite as it should be, but why shower such epithets as "plucky," "fighting" and "brave" with such prodigality on these "heroines"?

After all, their sole title to fame seems to be that they endeavour to perform men's work, and to obtain men's pay for it.

Credit where credit is due, but do let us strive to preserve a sense of proportion. QUABRO.

MEN'S RUDENESS.

FROM time immemorial men have been rude to women who earn their own living.

Whatever the nature of the employment, the woman has always been liable to insult of one kind or another. If violence is now added, it is doubtless due to professional jealousy.

What is it worse to insult women now than it was before the war?

F. M. C. Brookfield terrace, Dounybrook, Dublin.

"DID THIS MAN SIN?"

I AM amazed that any clergyman can be found to tell us that the nations at war are being punished for their sins.

If this is the case, it follows that the neutrals must be excessively good, so free from sin. In fact, that they are being rewarded by a prosperity greater than they have ever experienced before. DEDUCTION.

EUROPE'S FAULT.

"CELESTIAL revenge" is not the phrase to use. "W. M." quite misunderstands.

The point is (as he says himself) that effect follows cause. The war follows, then, naturally as an effect upon certain European causes.

Those causes are mainly to be reduced to one—Europe's neglect of religion and the Word of God. L. N. F. Maresfield-gardens, N.W.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 24.—Since most of the flowers in the garden at this season are yellow and white, blossoms that are purple, blue, crimson or pink are most valuable.

The purple aubrietias growing as an edging to beds look very pretty to-day, and blue forget-me-nots, hyacinths and grape hyacinths make a brave show. Wallflowers (red), flowering currants, double peach, polyanthus, scarlet anemones, pink and red hyacinths and tulips, all help to give bright patches of colour to bed and border. E. F. T.

superfine at one glance. To-day Australia and New Zealand have 300,000 men in the field, strong in the night of the traditions that were made in the dusk of a grey morning just a year ago, and perpetuated through many months of fierce fighting and stern endurance.

The first tradition of Anzac is of obedience to orders. Their respect for discipline shone brightest in the face of the foe. They landed, by order, with fixed bayonets and empty magazines. Many of them were found dead, miles inland, still with clean rifles and untouched supplies of ammunition. So great was the binding force of an order.

An officer told me of his men who were commanded to make a demonstration by advancing as close to the Turkish trenches as they could get. But they were not to take the trenches. So the men advanced to the very parapets and tweaked the projecting rifle barrels from the hands of the astounded Turks. But they did not enter the trenches!

"No call for volunteers at Anzac was ever unanswered. There were always men to spare who offered themselves for any enterprise, however

dangerous it might be. Another rule was to "hang on" to any position, however hopeless, until the order to retire was received. Only in that way could the precarious foothold on the hillside at Anzac be maintained for so long.

These are only a few of the high traditions of the men who charged up the cliffs near Gaba Tepe a year ago; the men who advanced in open order up the slope at Bebelay; the men who held back Sanders Pasha at Quinn's Post; the men who took Lonesome Pine; and did Birkenhead higher than the torpedoes Southland.

They are high traditions to follow; but no higher than those they inherited from the ancestors who sleep in the sacred fane where they will mourn to-day. And because they are worthy of their inherited past there will be a splendid greeting from London to-day for the gallant men of Anzac.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The world belongs to the energetic man. His will gives him new eyes. He sees expedients and means where we saw none.—R. W. Emerson.

A WAR-TIME HOLIDAY: HOW TWO GIRLS DID IT "ON THE CHEAP."



They carry their kits—including golf clubs—on their backs.



They perform the morning toilet after a good night's sleep in hammocks. Note the looking-glass on the tree.



They can climb fences in fine style.



Carrying water to camp.



Sleeping in the open air whets the appetite.

Having determined on an economical holiday, they shouldered their packs, in which they carried everything, including cooking utensils, and set off to tramp across the country. Their

beds were hammocks slung between trees, all hotel bills and "tips" being thus saved. There are few men left, so they had no masculine society.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

FOOTBALL CURE.



Private George Newman, who became dumb during a charge at one of the St. Eloi craters. When he saw a goal scored at the Crystal Palace, his speech returned.

WITH THE SALONIKA ARMY: A BIG GUN IN ACTION.



The men on the left are passing up ammunition from the underground store.—(Crown copyright reserved.)

THE FIRST BAT



Will it be very cold? It r... This is a

JOKE.
328 J.

WEIGHING BABIES WHILE TAUBES FLY OVERHEAD.

18902.



they see it?
328 J.



they've missed it!
328 J.



ing obtuseness!
328 J.



for the applause."

expression by Mr. Hiccheek, who ap-
Mr. Manhattan."

SEASON.



go in the first time,

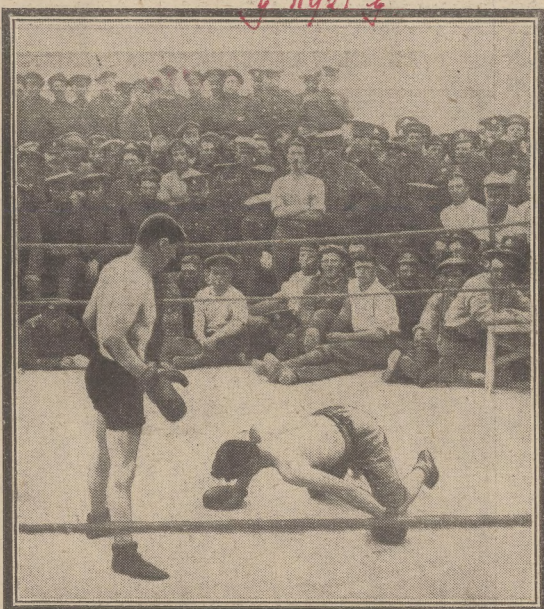


"I don't want to be weighed." Mme. Rulot, wife of the Chief Inspector of the Health Service, is supporting the child.

16598.

"NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, SALONIKA."

11921 J.



The "knock-out" in a boxing tournament organised by a London regiment at Salonika, where the soldiers maintain the national love for healthy sport. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)



A consultation. A Taube was flying overhead at the time.

Mrs. Haden Guest, wife of Captain L. Haden Guest, R.A.M.C., is attached to the Belgian Health Service, and takes great interest in the baby consultations held near the front.

THREE MEN WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.

1491 B.

16466.

18901.



Captain Walter Gibbons, who with Mr. H. C. Stewart is arranging the Anzac Day matinee which is to be held at His Majesty's Theatre.

Commander the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, R.N., Earl Granville's brother, to marry Lady Rose Lyon, Lord and Lady Swarthmore's second daughter.

Henry Webb, a packer, of Cobridge, Staffs, whose compensation claim has taken ten years to decide. Sixty doctors have examined him.

MACKINTOSH'S



"It's a general favourite on every deck. You would see us cheerfully munching it with the North Sea at its worst."



The TYPYST says: "I keep a tin of Toffee de Luxe going, and that keeps me going and makes the keys run sweetly."



KITCHENERS' MAN says: "My emergency ration is Toffee de Luxe and there's an emergency every minute the tin lasts."

When we say
Toffee de Luxe is full of
food value we don't ask you
to accept the bald statement
alone, we name the chief ingre-
dients in support of our statement.

Butter—that's a food
Cream—that's a food
Sugar—that's a food

—these, and some other things are
what we use, all of which we guar-
antee to be pure and wholesome.
Are we wrong, therefore, in saying
that Toffee de Luxe is full of real
food value?

You must put good things in the
pan if you wish to get good Toffee
out. You know that from experi-
ments with home-made Toffee. You
cannot, however, make Toffee
at home QUITE like Toffee de
Luxe, because there are some
essential things that you do not
keep in your pantry. Further, it
requires special boiling apparatus,
and our scientific process of
mixing and making, and it is
these things, plus all our good
honest articles you would use
yourself, that give Toffee de
Luxe its "de Luxey" flavour
and quality.

1½d. per Ounce

for a Toffee like de Luxe is
money not injudiciously spent,
so even in War-time we say
—BUY—

MACKINTOSH'S

TOFFEE de LUXE

DRESS.

FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; list free; combine
purchases.—J. Brosie, 41, Museum-st., London.
LADIES' Tailor-Made Costumes to measure on Easy
Terms, from 42s., supplied on first payment of 6s.,
balance 6s., monthly; the latest style with West End cut
and superior workmanship and finish.—Call or write for
free patterns and fashion booklets, Benson's, Ltd., 101, Edg-
ware-rd., W., near Marble Arch; 84, High Holborn, W.C.
topp. Pearl Assurance; 149, Strand, W.C. (opp. Gaiety);
69, Shepherd's Bush Empire; 152, Fenchurch-st., E.C. (opp.
Bank Lane); 71, 73, 75, Camden-rd., Camden Town, N.W.
REAL Navy Serge, stamped, guaranteed as supplied to
R. Admiralty; three qualities for ladies' and gent's wear;
27in. from 1s. 6d., 54in., 2s. 11½d. to 12s. 6d.; also black;
carriage pad; write or pattern book 4, free.—J. D. Moran,
14d., Admiralty Contractors, Portsmouth.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

BABY Cars from Factory on appra.; carriage paid; no
shop profits; cash or easy payments; write for lovely
catalogue, post free, and save money.—Gudra Carriage Co.
(Dept. 35), Coventry.
CENTURY China Bargains.—Household China, Crockery,
Glass at factory prices; splendid Tea, Dinner, Toilet
Services, from 6s. 6d.; famous Home Outfit, 21s. complete;
Century great selection, Unbreakable China; China for
Churches, Schools, Caterers, 150 pieces, 21s.; splendid mixed
Crates for Bazaars, Shops, Dealers, 15s. 6d.; 30,000 de-
lighted customers, including Buckingham Palace; send
card to-day Complete Catalogue, in colour, Free.—
Century Pottery, Dept. 650, Burslem, Staffs.
FURNITURE.—Second-hand, large quantity, must sell
regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 274,
Pentonville-rd., King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth, at hos-
pital prices, weekly if desired.—Call or write, Rec-
324, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5599.

7,049 EGGS FOR THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



At Easter the Harlesden Congregational Church held special egg services. In all 7,049 eggs were received for the wounded, and here they are seen tastefully arranged in front of the rostrum. Nearly every one had a message written on it.

"A MARINE ARTIST."



Easter card drawn by a Royal Marine who is at present somewhere in the North Sea.

HUNG AT ACADEMY.



Mrs. Gladstone Adams, who has had two works hung at the Academy this year.

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD AUSTRIAN SOLDIER.



This happy-looking little boy is Jacob Worschick, who has fought with the Austrian Army since the beginning of the war. He is only eleven years old, but evidently prefers fighting to doing lessons.

READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPLENDID SERIAL TO-DAY

THE BLACK SHEEP

By RUBY M. AYRES.



George Laxton.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is a sound of grinding brakes and a woman's shrill scream. George Laxton, driving a racing car, just avoids a girl who has suddenly appeared in a bend of the road.

The girl is very angry. "You might have killed me," she says, in a shaking, angry voice. The man is very easy-going about it, and gradually the girl gets into conversation with him. In the end, he offers to give her a lift, and she accepts.

On the way the girl points out a big house called Barton Manor, and tells him that it belongs to a young man named George Laxton, who is forced to sell it. "He's a sort of black sheep," she adds, "and everyone says he's a fearful rake."

She goes on to make many more severe comments about his conduct. In a quiet voice Laxton asks her to let the black sheep down lightly. The girl laughs. "Oh," she says, breezily, "I'm quite prepared to like him myself; I breathe the monotony."

They part. The man goes to the station to meet a girl named Laurie, whom he loves, but is too poor to marry, and who is coming down from London to say good-bye and to see the manor for the last time. He has made up his mind that to-day he will make a last fight for her.

Laurie arrives and they go off to the old house. Passionately, he tells her that he loves her. With a swift movement he takes her in his arms. He breaks into broken pleading. "He'll work his fingers to the bone if only she will marry him. They will go away together—just he and she. . . ."

Laurie is upset by his passion, and cries a little. But she tells him that it would be impossible to marry without money. "You'd soon get tired of me if I didn't dress well," she shivers daintily. "Oh, we should both so hate to be poor."

The girls looks away from him. There is a very real tremble in her voice as she answers that she does not wish him to be lonely. Laxton tries to answer. He is white to the lips. He breaks out agitatedly: "I can't bear it. I didn't think it would be as hard as this. I can't say good-bye to you. . . . Laurie, Laurie, say you love me!"

"I do love you," she tells him in a stifled voice—"but you know I cannot marry you." She lifts her face—her eyes are swimming with tears. There is a moment of kisses, and passionate protestations, and then Laurie finds himself alone.

There are some minutes to wait for the train back to London. Both Laurie and Laxton are composed again. Suddenly Laurie calls his attention to a girl who is standing a little way away. Laxton looks, and sees the girl he had driven in his car.

"That," explains Laurie, "is Norah Ackroyd. She is an old schoolfellow of mine, and she is rich enough to buy Barton Manor up half a dozen times over."

The train bears Laurie off, and as Laxton walks blindly out of the station he cannons into a big sheepdog. "First you try to kill me, and now my dog," says a voice. It is the girl of the morning drive—Norah Ackroyd.

"On the contrary," he replies. He laughs recklessly; his whole body is throbbing with miserable jealousy; there is something coming in the girl's eyes. "I wonder," he says, "if I may introduce myself properly this time. . . . I am George Laxton—the black sheep."

THE WAY OF A GIRL.

Laxton had expected his companion to be in the least confused by his abrupt confession he was disappointed.

She laughed, though the flush in her cheeks deepened a little.

"How horrid of you not to have told me before," she said. "I might have told you all manner of awful things about yourself."

"I am flattered," he told her with a touch of sarcasm. "And I don't in the least mind hearing them now if you still feel inclined to tell me, Miss Ackroyd."

She looked up quickly. "How did you know my name?" she asked, amazed.

"He answered at once. "I was with a girl on the platform just now who—who went to school with you. She told me."

"Want to school with me! Who ever was that? Do tell me! I do, indeed, desire her."

She might truthfully have added that she had

not looked at Laxton's companion: all her attention had been centred on Laxton himself. He told her calmly enough. "Her name is Laurie Fenton . . . perhaps."

She interrupted with a little exclamation. "Laurie Fenton! And I never recognised her! How very extraordinary. I should love to have seen her again, though I don't think she liked me very much when we were at school," she added doubtfully.

No. "It was rather a—what I should call 'swagger' school, you see," she explained rather hesitatingly. "And most of the girls were—well . . . She laughed rather embarrassedly. "Well, they thought themselves better than I was, you know," she added.

"Indeed!" A quaint gleam of interest filled his sombre eyes. "Yes," she nodded her head with a little confiding gesture. "I dare say they were right too, but I hated it at the time—it made me feel so awfully out of everything." She laughed suddenly. "But it didn't really matter, and I should have been pleased to see Laurie again—she was so pretty—quite the prettiest girl in school."

"Yes," Laxton was looking away from her; there was something rather pathetic in the little monosyllable.

Norah glanced at him interestedly; she was a little bit of a puzzle to know what to say next.

"Well, I won't keep you any longer," the girl said. "I shall tell them at home that I've seen you."

"No," she smiled crossed his face. There was something very young about her, he thought—something that attracted by its very unconventionality.

I suppose you won't let me drive you back again, will you?" she asked hesitatingly. "I shall be very pleased if you will—and I am not in a hurry this time," he added with a tinge of bitterness.

She looked down at the dog. "I've got him now," she said.

"Well, there's room for us all," he flung the leathern apron from his knees and called to the dog: "Good boy, come on . . ."

"No," he said, "I don't want a second invitation. He jumped in, once and looked back invitingly at his mistress, wagging a feathery tail.

Norah laughed. "Well, that settles it," she said, and the next minute the low, low car was speeding off again down the road.

"You're staying at Barton Manor, of course?" she said presently.

Laxton shook his head.

"No, I'm not being done up."

"It looks a glorious place," Norah said enthusiastically. "I've very nearly trespassed dozens of times," she added laughingly.

"Would you like to see it?" he asked. He had turned the car in at the gates without waiting for her to answer him and was driving slowly up the broad path.

"It looks ever so much more beautiful than it does when Mr. Snowden lived here," she told him at last. "It always looked so gloomy then, didn't it?"

"I don't know. It's years since I was here till the other day. Snowden was my mother's brother, you know. He hated me like the very devil," he added laconically.

Norah looked up at him.

"Why? Oh, I really don't know. He hated my mother, so perhaps that accounts for it."

"Oh!" Norah tried to think what it was she had heard about this man beside her; there were so many different stories, and each one had been seized upon and eagerly discussed by the girls who were interested in the newcomer.

She had discussed them herself with Rodney, lots of times, but somehow now she felt less ready to believe any of them. She glanced at Laxton; he was looking at her.

"I thought, if only he didn't look so unhappy; she wondered what was the matter with him. He stopped the car.

"If you would care to walk round the grounds there'll just be time before it gets too dark," he said.

She scrambled out, followed by the sheepdog, barking joyously.

"What's his name?" Laxton asked; he was not particularly interested, but it was something to say.

"We call him Friday," she told him, laughing. "It was my idea—Rodney gave him to me on a Friday, you see."

"Is Rodney your brother?"

"No, my cousin. I haven't any brothers."

"Oh . . . And no sisters either?"

"No," she looked up at him interestedly. "Have you?"

"No."

They had reached the back of the house, where a terrace walk ran round it some 10ft. above the level of the wide lawn below. Laxton stopped.

"This is what I wanted you to see," he said. They stood silently looking at the wonderful view before them.

Fields and trees seemed to stretch away as far as the eye could see, against a background of sunset sky; a thin ribbon of water threaded its way through the foreground.

world with which to keep it up, or pay the mountain of debts which weighed upon him in nightmare reality—the not the smallest expectation which he had thrown as a son to the man from whom he had borrowed the money on which he had lived during the past two years, and which had got to be repaid, cent for cent.

Laurie Fenton had tried to comfort him many times.

"Poor old boy, something will be sure to turn up!" was the only empty consolation she could offer, but George Laxton knew in his heart that it would turn up, unless . . .

He wheeled round suddenly and looked at the girl beside him.

For the moment she had forgotten him. She was standing there with the sunset light on her face—the soft evening breeze stirring the hair about her temples beneath the blue tam-o'-shanter.

"Rich enough to buy Barton Manor half a dozen times over. . . ."

It was Laurie who had told him that; Laurie who had made such a pretence of grief, and who had gone back to London and to Ryan Hewitt. . . . He caught a groan between his teeth.

Norah turned sharply; her eyes looked dreamy and far-away.

"I don't think I've ever seen anything more lovely," she said. "Thank you ever so much for letting me see it."

They walked back to the waiting car. "You must tell me which way to go," Laxton said. "I don't know the roads round here, you know."

"You, soon will," she told him, cheerily. "There are some fine drives round here, too; I'll show you—"

She broke, colouring a little. "I didn't mean to say that," she added, with a touch of embarrassment.

"I hope you did," he answered, quickly. "I don't know anybody in the village, remember."

She raised her eyes; they met his above Friday's shaggy head.

"I hope you're going to live here, after all, then?" she asked.

"Yes—why?"

"I thought you said you hated the country. I am sure you said so when I met you this afternoon."

"Did I?" he laughed. "I don't remember what I said then; I was in a bad temper," he admitted.

"I thought you seemed rather cross," she agreed calmly. "But I . . . oh! we have to turn to the right here."

He swung the car about.

"That's our house at the top of the lane," she explained. "It isn't beautiful like this, but it's really very nice, and I'm ever so fond of it."

Laxton glanced at the square, rather ugly building.

"I like it," he told her hastily. "It's—uncommon."

"Hideous" was the word in his mind. He drove the car up to the front door, and Friday scrambled out.

"Father's in London to-day," Norah explained, "and so is Rodney, or I would ask you in. I am sure they would be pleased to meet you."

"You are very kind. I shall hope to meet them later on."

"You're sure to, of course; everybody knows everybody else here."

He looked at her whimsically.

"You don't even bar a black sheep?" he asked.

She coloured a little.

"It was your own fault I said that. You ought to have stopped me. It's a good thing I didn't say anything worse."

"A lot of things might have been said—something which I hope you have not quite forgotten," he reminded her. "You said that you were quite prepared to like me."

There was a little silence.

"You are not going to take that back," Laxton said.

Norah raised her eyes; she was smiling. "No, I don't think I'll take that back," she told him.

"HE'S A BLACKGUARD!"

THE London train was late. Norah Ackroyd paced up and down the platform impatiently.

It was a dull, showery morning, two days after the last chance meeting on the road with George Laxton.

She felt somehow depressed as she paced up and down, and up and down waiting for her father and Rodney.

There was such a grey, unbroken look over all the landscape as the air was unpleasantly chilly.

"If I were at all superstitious, I should say that something is going to happen," she told herself with a little shiver, conscious of an odd feeling of depression. "But as it is, . . ."

Her thoughts broke off as a distant whistle heralded the approach of the London train.

Her face brightened; she eagerly scanned the carriage windows as they slowly drew level with the platform. After a moment she ran forward.

I thought you were never coming, Rodney—the train is ever so late."

The man to whom she spoke dropped his suitcase with a little thud to the platform and, snipping, gave her a hearty kiss.

He was a very plain young man with hopelessly red hair and a freckled face; but there was something wonderfully kind in his non-daring eyes, and his voice when he spoke was decidedly attractive.

"We were late leaving. Have you been waiting long?"

"Ages. And—where is father?"

"He's coming on later . . . had to stay and see to some business at the last moment. I offered to wait, but he wouldn't hear of it. Well, and how are we?"

He looked down at her affectionately as they left the station together. A great many people in Lumsden took it for granted that Norah and Rodney Ackroyd were brother and sister; they had been brought up together from childhood, and it was only a few intimates who knew that Rodney was Norah's cousin, and fewer still who guessed that he would like to be something much nearer and dearer.

She chatted away to him eagerly as they walked down the road together. "I didn't bring the car as I know you hate it, and I didn't bring Friday because I knew his past would be muddy and he would be sure to jump up at you and spoil your coat."

Rodney laughed. "As if I should have minded!"

She laughed with him. "No; I know you wouldn't, but I didn't bring him," he asked.

"And what other news is there?" he asked. "I seem to have been away for ever so long."

"Only four days. And I know how busy you have any news. Nothing exciting ever happens in a place like this, except—oh, yes—I almost forgot! I've had an adventure."

"An adventure?"

Norah laughed excitedly. "With George Laxton—you know! The new man at Barton Manor—he nearly ran over me in his car—the day before yesterday it was; and, of course, he stopped and apologised, and so I had to speak to him, and he's really rather nice of me."

Rodney's face changed a little. "So you've seen the black sheep?"

"Yes . . . and, after all, I don't believe half the silly stories people have been telling about him."

He glanced at her quickly. "Why not?"

"Oh—well," she hesitated. "I can't explain why exactly, but—well, I don't believe them."

She looked up, a little flushed. "He knows Laurie Fenton—she was with him down here one day, and she saw me and told him she was at school with me."

"Did she?" There was a sort of growl in Rodney's voice.

"Of course I know she didn't like me," Norah went on thoughtfully. "And of course I know she thought father wasn't a gentleman, and—all that. I told him so. . . ."

"You told Laxton?"

"Yes . . . but I didn't tell him that Laurie's hair never used to be golden in those days," she added with a little chuckle. "I did think about it, but I changed my mind."

Rodney laughed. "You're a little bit of you, I call it. Most women would have jumped at the opportunity."

"Would they?" Norah looked grave. She was remembering the tone of Laxton's voice when he had spoken of Laurie, and for the first time she wondered a little. "She was the prettiest girl in the school, anyway," she added generously.

"When you were not there, of course," said Rodney stoutly.

She squeezed his arm. "Dear old thing."

His plain face flushed a little, and he looked away.

"He's coming to see us—you and dad," Norah went on, blissfully unconscious of the emotion in Rodney's heart. "And I'm quite sure everybody will like him," she added confidently.

There was not so sure. "There's never smoke without fire, you know," he reminded her sententiously. "And after the rotten stories we've heard about him. . . . Norah!"

She had torn her arm angrily from his. "It's most unfair to talk like that," she said hotly. "You condemn him when you've never seen him or spoken to him."

"I was not condemning him; I merely reminded you of what we have heard."

"A lot of scandal which nobody in their senses would listen to!" she declared scornfully. "I don't care what people say—I like him."

"You've said that before," Rodney told her jealously.

"And I shall probably say it again lots of times," she answered defiantly; then suddenly she laughed. "Silly thing! We're not going to quarrel, are we—just when I'm so glad you've come back!"

She changed the subject, and Laxton was not mentioned again between them till the evening, at dinner time.

Mr. Ackroyd was there then, and Norah was bubbling over with delight at having him home again. She adored her father, though to a disinterested eye there might not have been very much in him to adore. He was a tall, rather heavily-built man with hair as red as Rodney's and a loud, rather swaggering voice.

But he had a heart as gold, and there were many people in the world besides his daughter and Rodney who had discovered it.

In manner he was rather rough, and he did not always speak quite grammatically or remember his "h's."

"I'm a self-made man," he would say to anybody who showed the least interest in him. "I've nobody but myself to thank for my money and I don't owe anybody a penny."

How he had made it or when nobody seemed to know. The fact that he had made it and still possessed it probably being enough for most people.

And what has my little miss been doing with herself while I've been away?" he asked, looking at Norah.

He was leaning back in his chair contentedly; he was always glad to be home, though he seldom

(Continued on page 11.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Miss Lilian Bayless.

Bayless, who is superintending the production, was busy at work sorting and inspecting a number of costumes and other theatrical "props."

Theatres a Luxury.

She found time, however, to tell me something about the Shakespeare celebrations. They will be magnificent—and they would probably have been more magnificent still if it had not been for the war. "Do you know," she said, "that the cost of everything connected with theatrical productions has gone up 20 per cent.?" We are giving the people the old fare at the old prices, but it wasn't an easy matter to manage."

The Shakespeare Tree.

By the way, talking of Shakespeare celebrations, I was curious enough in my wanderings yesterday to make a detour to Primrose Hill to see how many holiday-makers were interested in the Shakespeare tree there—the one planted fifty years ago to commemorate the 250th anniversary. I watched for twenty minutes, in which time two children stopped to read the inscription, and a party of Belgians who apparently could not read English!

No "Song of the Year."

One holiday feature that I missed in London yesterday was the song of the year. Generally Easter Monday finds the crowds unanimous in the singing of some particular ditty. Yesterday was an exception. The only songs I heard were very old favourites, among which "Keep the Home Fires Burning" seemed to be the favourite.

Many Stayed at Home.

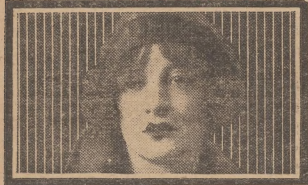
In the course of the day I ran up against scores of people I knew, all of whom I thought were out of town, all of whom thought I was out of town, and although I heard from returning holiday-makers later in the evening that the seaside and the river were crammed I am beginning to think that lots of people like myself must have remained behind under the impression that they alone were the solitary survivors in London of a pleasure-making world.

A Liverpool Light.

Great interest is attached to the appearance of Miss Estelle Winwood as one of the ladies in the new revue, "Half-past Eight," at the Comedy Theatre. Miss Winwood was for a long time the most prominent member of the Liverpool Repertory Company.

Offers for Portia.

At Liverpool Miss Winwood played everything, from Shakespeare to Ibsen. She made a great success as Portia. Curiously enough, a week before Mr. Cechov saw her as a



Miss Estelle Winwood.

future star for revue Mr. Fred Karno made her a very inviting offer to appear in his sketches on the music-halls. Those who know her talents say she will be an Ada Reeve of value.

"The Geisha" at Ruhleben.

Daly's Theatre received a strange request the other day. It was a letter from some of our interned soldiers at Ruhleben—that notorious camp near Berlin—asking for permission to play "The Geisha." Not only was permission given, but the theatre sent off the full score the next day. The only point remaining is whether the owners of the rights in Germany will raise any objection. It is the sort of Hunnish thing they would do.

Many Happy Returns.

Many happy returns to Princess Mary, who begins her twentieth year to-day. The Princess will celebrate her birthday at Windsor, where she is spending a pleasant informal Easter with the King and the Queen. Princess Mary is a devotee of that almost forgotten sport of cycling. With her brothers, I hear, she has been riding a lot this Easter in Windsor Park.

Still Youthful.

To-day Sir Edward Grey keeps his fifty-fourth birthday. He looks younger for, in spite of the terrific strain he has undergone since the beginning of the war, his hair retains its raven blackness. I met him during the week-end, and, having known him by sight for nearly twenty years, can bear personal testimony to his extraordinary youthfulness of appearance. Our Foreign Minister still wears black glasses out of doors.

"Some Club."

This is the bright motto of the very latest thing in Service clubs, the Bulldog Club, which I found a score of carpenters and fitters knocking into shape in the Edgware-road. The motto is "surmounted" by a crest which Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., has drawn for it. The drawing is of a fearsome bulldog which would strike terror to any Hun who happened to sidleslip into the club.

Royal Godparents.

I am told that Lady Victoria Primrose's small daughter will have royal godparents. Lady Victoria was about a great deal of late



Lady Victoria Primrose.

with her father, Lord Derby, and with him was taking a lively interest in the beautiful things recently sold at Christie's in aid of the Red Cross.

Not Motoring Now.

Among the many people who have given up motoring for pleasure during the war are Sir Alfred and Lady Bower, whose handsome cars are now devoted to the use of convalescent soldiers. Lady Bower is an energetic war worker, and on the executive committee of the County of Kent War Fund.

Prepared.

Lady Bower, I know, feels the sacrifice, for she is a keen motorist and drives her big Napier herself. She has been associated with Red Cross work for many years. When war broke out there was, therefore, at Chislehurst an admirable Red Cross organisation, with two detachments of nurses ready and fully trained.

One of the Old Guard.

Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who led the revolt against the peace cranks of the British Socialist Party, is one of the "old guard" of Socialists, elderly, genial, but tremendously shrewd and with an immense knowledge of the ramifications of International Socialism. I've had many an interesting chat with him.

Would Be Welcomed.

I shouldn't be surprised to see a very definite split in the Labour Party itself. The noisy minority now talking at Newcastle are irreconcilables, and things have been near the breaking point for some time. A number of the responsible Labour leaders are beginning to think that severance would be a blessing in disguise.

A Growing Mascot.

I am always interested in knowing what are the mascots of well-known players. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was showing me the other day the unique jewelled mascot she has possessed almost from the beginning of her stage career. It is a chain of uncut turquoises. She told me that her friends, knowing her love for it, often bring her fresh stones to add to the string; so it is constantly growing and keeping her luck alive.

By Wire.

Mr. George Grossmith was telling me after leaving the Gaiety the other night how many requests he gets for his autograph every day. The number was astonishing, even allowing for the multitude of his fair admirers. He laughingly told me how one persistent applicant at last wrote enclosing a shilling postal order. The way he dealt with this request was to reply by wire: "Certainly, with pleasure. Here is my autograph.—George Grossmith."

Bridge.

Bridge and auction bridge are in greater vogue than ever, but people are playing for much smaller stakes. Sometimes a hostess when she gives a little dinner-party will insist, when her guests play afterwards, that the winnings go to the particular branch of war charity in which she is interested.

Lady Askwith's Ingenuity.

Lady Askwith is putting some fine ideas into her war work. We all know how Sir George, as the "Whitehall conciliator-in-chief," has shown himself a master of tact in complex labour matters, and his wife, in quite another direction, is making a personal reputation for ingenuity. I found the latest expression of this during a fleeting visit which I paid to the colossal Y.M.C.A. hut which she runs in Westminster.

"Do It Here."

The place is so vast and well-organised—it was a museum before the Board of Works lent it—that Lady Askwith invites anyone who is entertaining up to 100 soldiers to do it there. "Don't waste money in individual plans," she says; "use ours. We have a concert going and billiard tables, and we will add a meat tea and cigarettes for your guests at 1s. a head, everything in. They will be your guests just the same."

Futurist Church Window.

I see that Slough is the first parish church to claim the distinction of having futurist stained-glass windows. Wolmark is the artist, and his subject is "Creation," and I may say he has treated it very freely.

If.

Keep your eye on this man. He is Rear-Admiral William S. Benson, America's Naval Chief of Operations. An American with whom I lunched yesterday tells me that Admiral Benson is probably the busiest man in the States to-day. His orders control the movements of the United States fleets, and if— But perhaps Berlin will decide not to overwork Admiral Benson after all.

Admiral W. S. Benson.

Golfing Again.

Golf has been played tremendously during the holidays. Both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George say it is the thing of all others that keeps them fit. Mrs. Asquith believes in its efficacy for the Prime Minister, and sometimes when he himself is by no means disposed for a round she will insist that he does "what is good for him." It is because he has had to give up golf lately that has made Mr. Lloyd George the martyr he is to neuralgia.

Returning "Hansoms."

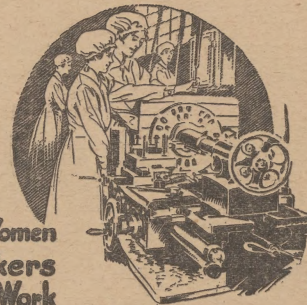
When a specimen of the hansom cab was placed in the London Museum it really seemed that we should never see that vehicle on the streets again. But have you noticed how it is returning? Since taxicabs and their drivers have become so scarce there has been much digging out and refurbishing up of hansoms of yesterday.

A General on Fighting.

If a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, the axiom does not always apply to a soldier. The other day I was talking to a man who knows General Townshend very well. He tells me that just before he went out to Mesopotamia the General said to him: "I did not join the Army because I thought it was a gentlemanly career. I adopted it as a profession, and I am as proud of my profession as a priest of his vocation."

THE RAMBLER.

CHYMOL is a pleasant-tasting scientific combination of valuable food substances extracted from Red Bone Marrow, very finely blended with other nutritious foods. It is not only highly nutritious in itself, but it also supplies the life-giving ferments that assist the digestion of other foods, making them more nutritious.



Chymol gives Women Munition-Workers Strength for their Work

Many women munition workers find that the long hours and the noisy, unaccustomed work impose such a strain upon the nerves and body that they experience the humiliation and disappointment of a "breakdown."

But Chymol offers invaluable help. It is a powerful super-food supplying such a wealth of nervous and physical strength that a few teaspoonful a day added to the regular diet helps one to do heavy work and withstand unusual strain. And the iron in Chymol is of great service for enriching the blood.

Doctors and nurses highly value the remarkable nutritive qualities of Chymol for nursing mothers, wasting infants, children outgrowing their strength, invalids and the aged, and men and women suffering from exhaustion and indigestion.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST—HE KNOWS.

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COMPANY, LTD.,
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The Food that Builds

1/- & 2/6
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TO THE DEALER:

THE CHYMOL COMPANY, LTD., Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. will redeem this Coupon from you for 6d. each when sent with signature and address of the customer who bought Chymol. Put your printed label on back of Coupon. Dealers claiming credit must be able to prove the purchase of Chymol to at least twice the value of the Coupons returned.

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With this Coupon you can obtain from your dealer a 1/- package of Chymol for 6d., or a 2/6 package for 2s. Simply fill in your name and address and your dealer will accept it. This can be used towards the cost of your first package of Chymol only.

CLOSING STATIONS.

Travellers To Hold Protest Meeting
Against G.E.R.'s Decision.

WORKING CLASSES HIT.

A notable demonstration against the proposal to close several suburban stations on the Great Eastern Railway will be held at the People's Palace to-morrow evening.

The stations which it is proposed to shut up are:—

Coborn-road.	Leman-street.
Globe-road.	London Fields.
Bethnal Green.	Cambridge Heath.
Shadwell.	Bishopsgate.

It is urged that the closing of these stations would inflict hardship and inconvenience on the public generally and on the working classes in particular.

Mr. Warwick Brookes, M.P. for Mile End, will preside at the meeting, and the speakers will include Lord Burnham, Sir Edwin Cornwall, M.P., and Mr. A. W. Yeo, M.P.

Every public body affected will, it is expected, be represented at the meeting. People using the stations are asked to attend the meeting and sign the petition at the political associations in Mile End, Bow, Bromley, Bethnal Green and Poplar.

TO DRY UP THE ZUYDER ZEE.

In his report to Washington the American commercial attaché at The Hague says that 40,000 acres are now inundated in the province of North Holland. It is suggested that the Zuyder Zee should be drained.

To clear the area at present submerged by the floods 7,000,000,000 gallons of water must be pumped a height of three to four feet.

A Bill is now before the Netherlands Parliament for appropriating money for the proposed draining of the Zuyder Zee. The cost is estimated at £18,000,000, part of which is to cover indemnities to fishermen and for similar purposes.

Under present conditions a strong north-west wind tends to blow the waters of the North Sea into the Zuyder Zee and to raise the level of the latter until it sometimes breaks over the protecting dikes.

The new dams are designed to protect the whole area at one time and effectively to prevent the ingress of water from the North Sea.

AIRMAN'S FATAL DIVE.

At a height of 200 feet from the ground the Army biplane of Lieutenant E. W. Reddeck, of the Royal Flying Corps, turned sideways and afterwards nose-dived to the ground at the Bournemouth Aerodrome yesterday morning. The young airman sustained serious injuries and died half an hour afterwards.

Lieutenant Reddeck was a son of Colonel E. W. Reddeck, of Staffer Lodge, Bournemouth, and started from Beaulieu, in the New Forest, early yesterday morning, and came down for a brief rest at Bournemouth.

The accident happened after he had covered about a mile and a quarter of his return journey.

ORIENTAL TYPESETTER.

A new typesetter, designed to set the thousands of characters used by Japanese, Chinese and Chosen printers, has been set up recently in the printing office of the *Hawaii Shimpu*, a Japanese daily published in Honolulu. The machine, to some extent, looks like a model of Brooklyn Bridge.

THIRSTY FOR KNOWLEDGE

Great War Demand for Technical Books at the Public Libraries.

There is a great war demand for technical books at the public libraries.

The Librarian of a suburban public library tells *The Daily Mirror* that in both the lending and reference departments the call for books on every conceivable technical subject is daily increasing.

"The reading of books of fiction seems to be almost wholly confined to women, while most of the men want serious books to study, and the majority of these serious books are on technical subjects," he said.

"Those in the greatest demand are on domestic, mechanical and general engineering, aerodynamics, heating, lighting, electricity, munition work, watch and clock making, general trade subjects and agriculture."

"Then the great demand for trade books—on the bleaching and finishing of fabrics, toy-making, etc.—indicates that manufacturers and others are making a really serious effort to qualify for the effective capture of German trade in such commodities as we have heretofore been accustomed to getting almost exclusively from our enemies."

NEWS ITEMS.

Death of a Baronet.

Major Sir Henry Paulet Mildmay, Bart., late of the Grenadier Guards, has died at Doggersfield Park.

Explorers' Haste to Enlist.

Three men of the Antarctic exploration ship *Aurora*, newly returned, says a Reuter telegram, have already enlisted.

Dear Scottish Herrings—

Herrings are realising record prices on the west coast of Scotland. Within a fortnight they have risen from £8 10s. to £10 a can.

Fatal Grief for Sister.

Saying she could not live without her dead sister, Mary Gwen Jones, a sixteen-year-old Breconshire farmer's daughter, has shot herself dead with a gun.

State Subsidy for Railwaymen?

A movement for a State subsidy and war bonuses for Irish railway employees is being pressed forward by the National Union of Railwaymen and the Railway Clerks Association.

Film Operator's Presence of Mind.

The presence of mind of a cinema operator at Dudley yesterday morning properly averted a panic. He threw his coat over a blazing film, next covered it with a wet blanket and carried it into the street. He escaped himself with burnt hands.

Councillors Driving Tramway-cars.

Although more than 160 employees are on strike, the Croydon Corporation Tramways Department were yesterday running thirty-four out of the usual Bank holiday service of seventy-five cars. Several members of the Borough Council are acting as drivers.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The annual fifty yards Easter Handicap, promoted by the Serpentine Swimming Club, was won by T. Bradshaw, who had 33s. start.

Prince Randall, starting at 35 to 1 against, won the Sydney Cup, says Reuter, from Green Gap (evens) and Stout Master (55-1). There were twenty-six runners.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Wheatright, for many years secretary of the Midland Counties Amateur Athletic Association.

Private Joe Farmer was unable to obtain leave to meet Billy Wells, at Bournemouth, at the Ring yesterday afternoon, and Fred Housego, who took his place, was knocked out in the seventh round.

NO HOLIDAY RACING.

Notes on the Coming Important Meeting
at Newbury.

LUX BREAKS DOWN.

For the first time for many years holiday-makers spent Easter Monday without a visit to a race meeting being possible.

Military athletics occupied the courses at Epsom and Sandown, but Kempton Park, usually the scene of the Queen's Prize, was a desolate place compared with former years.

Later on in the week there will be racing at Newbury, and those who intend visiting the Berkshire course are reminded that, as with the tracks nearer London, travelling by railway is prohibited.

The King's colours will probably be carried by Sir Dighton in the Greenham Stakes on Friday, but it is doubtful if Roi d'Ecosse, with whom he dead-heated at Newmarket recently, will run.

Lord Durham will have a dangerous candidate in Melissa, and it was hoped that the purple and straw livery would also play a big part in Saturday's Spring Cup. Lux, however, was taken out at the acceptance stage, and it now transpires that he has broken down.

As Rather Bolder has been beaten in a trial Young Pegasus will probably be the sole representative of the Stanley House stable, and he must possess a very fine chance after his good show at Lingfield.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULTS.

LEAGUE.—Lancashire Section—Bolton (h) 4, Stockport 2; Oldham (a) 2, Burny 2.
LEAGUE.—Midland Section—Bradford (h) 4, Bradford City 2; Notts Forest (h) 4, Notts County 2; Sheffield Utd. (h) 3, Sheffield Wednesday 0; Grimsby (h) 3, Lincoln 0; Stoke (h) 6, Derby County 1; Hull (h) 4, Rotherham 2.
SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers 2, Bristol City (h) 0.
CLUB MATCHES.—Southport (h) 1, Everton 0; Football Battalion 5, Manchester United 2.
RUGBY.—New Zealanders 9, Bath (h) 3.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

(Continued from page 9.)

dom stayed there for more than a few days at a time.

"The same as usual!" she told him, laughing. "Looking after the house and driving the car." "Oh," she broke off, she looked across at Rodney mischievously. "I've had an adventure, but Rodney doesn't approve of it, so I don't know if you will."

Mr. Ackroyd glanced at his nephew.

"Rodney doesn't approve—oh! it isn't often he disapproves of anything you do, my dear."

"He thinks this is dreadful, though," she declared, teasingly. "But I'll tell you all the same, and you shall decide. . . . Well, I've made friends with the black sheep—he nearly ran over me in his car, so we spoke, and I thought he was nice, and he's coming to see you."

She spoke rather quickly, as if not quite sure how her news would be received.

Mr. Ackroyd laughed, and held up his hand.

"Not so fast—not so fast! . . . I may as well say. . . . The black sheep—now, first of all, who is the black sheep?"

Rodney glanced up from his occupation of peeling an apple; his eyes looked somehow angry.

"Norah means Laxton—Laxton of Barton Manor," he said, shortly.

"Laxton!" Mr. Ackroyd echoed the name sharply. "That fellow! You've had many friends with him, and he's coming here!" He brought his fist down heavily on the table.

His kind face was scowling, the very tone of his voice had changed. "I'll take good care he doesn't come here," he thundered. "He's an absolute young blackguard. . . . I won't have the fellow in my house, and you can tell him so, or I will—if I ever meet him."

There will be another fine instalment of this great story to-morrow.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (19th perf.) New Musical Play, TINA. To-night, at 8.15. EVE-EVE, EVE, EVE, EVE. ROOM PERFORMANCE. WEDNESDAY MATINEE, April 26th. The Sovereign Production is postponed to a later date owing to unavoidable delay in printing and delivery.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. GRAND OPERA SEASON. MAGIC FLUTE, to-night, at 8. TALENTED MR. RASMUSSEN, Wed. & Thurs. 8.15. MADAME BUTTERFLY, Thurs. at 8. ROMEO AND JULIET, Fri. at 8. MAGIC FLUTE, Sat. at 8.15. THE NIGHTINGALE, Sun. at 8.15. PAGLIACCI, Sat. Eve., at 8. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. 2d.

AMBASSADORS. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

APOLLO. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

COMEDY. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

COURT. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

CRITERION. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffiths' Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Central 3124.

DUKE OF YORKS. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

GAIETY. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

GARRICK. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

HAYMARKET. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

HAYMASTERY. "MORE," by H. Gratton (last weeks). Evens, 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

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BE SURE AND BEGIN OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL ON PAGE 9

Daily Mirror

LONDON MEN WIN D.C.M.



Sergeant T. H. Gilder, a London Territorial, who has been awarded the D.C.M. for tending the wounded in the open and in captured trenches under heavy fire.



Sergeant J. Tyrie (H.A.C.), another D.C.M. He has always volunteered for any duty which was specially arduous or dangerous and ably carried it out.

IRON CROSS AND NO IRON CROSS.



Graves of two German soldiers. One had been awarded the Iron Cross, while the other had not.

TERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT STRATFORD.



The floral procession forms up outside the poet's birthplace. It then proceeds to the grave.



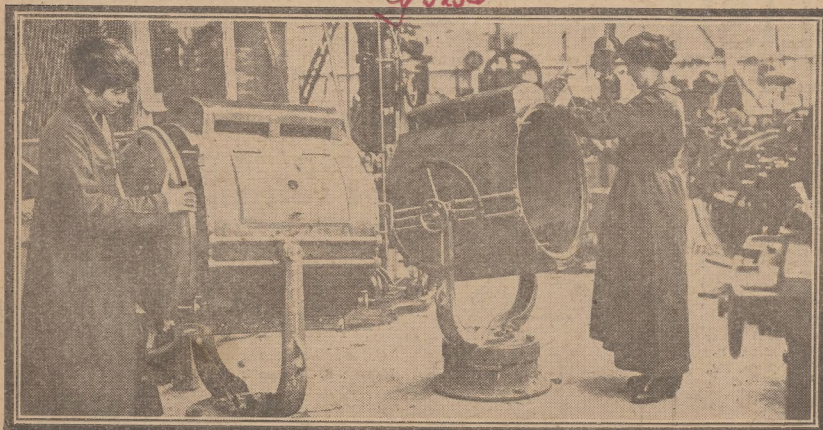
Wounded man's tribute.



The procession passing through the town.

The tercentenary celebrations were inaugurated at Stratford-on-Avon by Sir Sidney Lee, who opened an exhibition of documents illustrating Shakespeare's life in the town. Among those taking part in the floral procession was a wounded soldier, who was wheeled in an invalid chair.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WOMEN MAKE SEARCHLIGHTS AND SIGNAL LAMPS.



This is another of women's war time activities which are helping to defeat the Huns. They have proved themselves to be very skilful workers.

"FIELD SERVICE DRESS."



The Southend Section of the Women's Auxiliary Force spent the holiday in the rhubarb fields helping the local farmers to fulfil a Government contract for 350 tons.